

A BOY HERO.-Simple occurrences and fine sentiments frequently survive the memory of great battles. Vellore has been a theatre for every species of military outrage; yet the following instance of manly fortitude in a boy will be remembered when all those outrages are forgotten. The son of Col. Lang, Governor of Vellore, having been taken prisoner by Hyder Ali, he was ordered into the presence of the despot, who desired him to sit down and write a letter to his father, offering him a splendid establishment if he would surrender the city of which he was governor; but in case he refused, the son should be sacrificed. The boy coolly rejected the service; and upon Hyder's pressing him with many threats, he burst into tears and exclaimed—"If you consider me base enough to write such a letter, on what ground can you think so meanly of my father? You may cut me to a thousand pieces; but you cannot make him a traitor!"--[Chamber's London Journal.

Original.

A CHILD'S ADVENTURE.

BY CAROLINE INMAN.

ALL was bustle and preparation in the usually quiet household of George Mc. Gowan, and his pretty little wife, Norah. Biddy, the maiden of all work, was scrubbing the floors with all her might and main, her flushed cheeks and red elbows giving evidence of the zeal with which she attended to this essential part of her allotted duty, while Brian, the out-door man, as he was called, exempted from his accustomed employments on this important occasion, busied himself in a thousand little acts of rustic gallantry, for which he was repaid, every now and then, by a kind word or a cheerful smile from the good-humored face of the aforesaid Biddy. His principal occupation, however, it must be confessed, was the self-imposed one of acting as nurse, horse, dog, or any thing else she required, to a merry little imp not quite three years old, the only child of George and Norah Mc. Gowan; a beautiful, wild, laughter-loving, blue-eyed being, with whom Brian was a most rare and enduring favorite. Many an hour would they romp together in the cool of the evening, when the day's work was over, and the family had assembled in their large, clean, comfortable old kitchen, to enjoy their leisure 'till the coming bed-time; Brian skipping and frisking about upon the green in front of the old-fashioned door-way, like a young colt at play, now catching up his little pet, perching her astride upon his lusty shoulders, and dancing off into the middle of the potatoe-patch; then setting her suddenly down upon the rough ground, watching her scrambles, placing her upon her feet, after each successive tumble, and after dodging and eluding her attempts at retaliation, until both were heartily fatigued with their pastime, snatching her up again, shrieking with laughter, and depositing her gently in the mother's expectant arms. This day was one of most especial merriment to these two playfellows, for, as I said before, Brian had no work on hand—nothing but little odd-and-end jobs, that took up no time at all, as he himself said, and the best of it was, that he felt fully justified in thus following the bent of his own inclinations, by the fact that there really was no one else at leisure to attend to the little tottler. Norah had been as busy as a bee all the morning, endeavoring to set off to the best advantage all the treasures of her China closet, re-rubbing her silver punch ladle, brightening her six real silver table-spoons, and polishing up as well as she might, by dint of brick-dust and vinegar, their less pretending, but quite as useful companions of more humble pewter. The ordinary dining-table, being pronounced of insufficient extent, had been temporarily augmented by the addition of several stout deal planks, supported upon good substantial legs of the same material; and over these, Norah was now engaged in spreading a coarse, but snow-white cloth, of her own manufacture, while the half-opened drawers of a tall, old-fashioned sort of bureau that stood in one corner of the room, gave ample evidence of a good sup-

ply of this home-wrought and home-bleached commodity. The merit of having fabricated all this array of household comfort, did not, however, belong exclusively to the young mistress of the family; her nimble fingered sister had borne an equal share in its production; and the gentle Annie was now about to receive into her own keeping a fair half of the product of their mutual industry—for Annie had at length consented to take pity upon her "bachelor," and it was in honor of the expected wedding on the following day, that these magnificent preparations were in progress. Not that the sisters were about to separate. Oh, no—neither of them would give ear to any such arrangement, and it was agreed that the two families should still form but one household. Still, right was right, and Norah insisted upon the propriety of Annie's feeling herself the undoubted mistress of her due share of the family linen. For this purpose it was that the contents of the bureau were now dragged out, and, after due consideration, arranged in two large piles on the floor, one of which was returned to its own old hiding-place, and the other carried away, little by little, and placed on the chairs of a neatly-furnished bed-room up stairs, in the window-seat of which, for some two hours past, the bride elect had been enconced, busy, as she pretended, in the arrangement of some little pieces of feminine adornment, but anxious only, in fact, to escape the banterings of her light-hearted brother-in-law upon the approaching ceremony. George, in truth, had been a little unmerciful on the occasion, and, at last, had been fairly turned out of the house by the joint efforts of the women folks, who declared their determination to reign supreme for this one day, at all events. Besides, they had a great deal to say to each other—a great many things to remember and to discuss, a great many plans to deliberate upon, and a great many cautions to give, to all of which the men-kind were but an interruption. They had a great many kind words to say to each other, and—must it be confessed? yes—a great many tears to shed—for were they not about to be severed? True, they would still be under the one roof, but Norah knew she could never again be to the sister what she had hitherto been—never again be looked up to by her, as she had been accustomed; and Annie, too, felt that the sleepless affection and watchfulness of one who had always acted toward her as a mother, were something that might be missed even in the arms of a husband. Her tears, however, were soon dried: and natural it was that it should be so. The joyous hopes and proud anticipations of a young maiden about to transfer the care of her future welfare to one whom she fondly loves, fill up so large a space in her heart, that but little room is left for any feeling of regret connected with all she has consented to give up for his sake; the familiar scenes of every day happiness are forgotten for the time, merged in the thought of the greater happiness she has yet in prospect.

The quiet, long-tryed, but unpretending affection of the many is weighed in the balance and found wanting, against the more intense love of the one. In this instance the "one" happening to be a very handsome, smooth-tongued, warm-hearted young Irishman, no won-

der that Annie could not find in her heart to be very sad at the idea of passing her future life in his companionship. Had they not been brought up together? Had they not, years and years ago, romped together over the same meadows, scrambled together over the same bogs, and together returned hand in hand, in half merry, half melancholy plight, conscious of wrong, and tolerably sure of a beating? Some few years later had they not again wandered over the self-same meadows in somewhat more sentimental mood, he a hobbledehoy of sixteen, she a smart damsel of twelve, already in her own conceit "almost" a woman? And now for two years past had he not been her principal attendant at wake or fair, seed time or harvest? Had he ever danced with any other girl, if Annie could by possibility be induced to stand up with him? Had he ever offered to escort any of her "comrades," either to christening or burial, dance or confession? Had he not looked coldly upon all the pretty girls of the neighborhood for *her* sake? And, oh, did she not love him, dearly and fondly, for his own? Yes, Annie was a happy girl this day, and would not have exchanged her lot in life, no, not with the mighty queen of England herself. Her lover was well to do in the world too, the son of respectable parents, (a very important consideration among the well-thinking middle class of Irish,) handsome, good-tempered, and withal one of the very best dancers and fighters in the whole country. In short it was in every respect a most suitable match on either side, and the wedding was expected to be one of the gayest that had taken place for many a long year. Many a swain might be seen sauntering from house to house, hoping to secure beforehand some pretty girl as partner in the evening frolic, while the rustic bellos for miles around might be found grouped together in little clusters of three and four, busily intent upon the discussion of their several costumes, fully determined to look their very best upon the occasion, coquettishly depreciating the taste of the bridegroom, and secretly hoping to eclipse the bride. Lots of whiskey punch stood temptingly forward among the attractions presented to the imagination of the more elderly of the expected guests of the masculine gender, while the female gossips, one and all, anticipated no less than a vast accession of personal importance upon the occasion, consequent upon the invaluable fund of good advice it was their purpose severally to bestow upon the young couple. As to Annie and her lover, they could think of nothing but their present happiness, and the joy of a future in which they should be all in all to each other. One more day and they would be pronounced man and wife—would set out hand in hand upon the serious journey of life, even as they had rambled over the bogs and meadows in their earliest years; happy in the present hour, and looking forward, even as then, with more of joy than of anxiety, to the coming shadows of evening, and the near approach to that home where they hoped their wanderings would be but lightly visited, and that they should lie down in peace and safety, forgiven and accepted at the last.

We have stated that the good-tempered George had suffered himself to be turned out of his house and home by the women folks, and had sauntered off in search of

his own amusements; but this was a busy day with them all, and George determined to be busy with the rest. Most fortunately for all parties, he was enabled, by a mere chance, to set about the very job of all others needful for the comfort of the whole family: an unlucky hole in the thatch of the roof, small at first, (but which had been suffered to grow larger and larger, until it had increased to most respectable dimensions,) had been left, day after day, week after week, month after month, from simple want of thought, (George was Irish,) and the fact of neglecting to get together, at the proper time, the tools and materials necessary for the operation; and thus it might have remained, unthought of to this day, (except perhaps when a hint came down occasionally, in the shape of a hard shower,) but for the opportune meeting with a painter and glazier from the neighboring village, who had just finished house-painting at the seat of the next 'squire. Being somewhat of an acquaintance, George bethought him of borrowing his long ladder for an hour or so, and setting the old roof to rights at last. To be sure, many a procrastinating thought came into his head—it had gone on so long in its present state, that it might go on a little longer—and there was no need of beginning a business of that kind, when every body on the farm was so full of fuss and bustle, in preparation for the wedding—but then again, he might not for many a month get another such opportunity of procuring the right sort of ladder so near his own home—and then, too, part of the hole was just over the window of Annie's room, and it was of the utmost consequence, therefore, that it should be mended just now, inasmuch as there would, in future, be two persons to be kept warm, instead of one. So, altogether, as it must be done at some time or other, George concluded that he might as well set about it at once. He therefore looked about for one or two such idlers as are easy enough to be found, lounging away their time in the shebeen shops of most villages in Ireland, as elsewhere, ready and willing enough, generally speaking, to employ themselves in doing any thing in the world, so that it does not look like regular work. With their assistance, he brought his ladder home in triumph, mounted it against the wall, collected his straw, his thatching needle and soogans, as they are sometimes called, being long, twisted bands of hay, used by way of thread to the thatching needles, and by which the straw is fastened down securely upon the roof; and with all his materials at hand, began his work most merrily. For an hour or so, George labored away manfully and in good earnest; but roof-thatching was not one of the things upon which he particularly prided himself, and after various fidgetings, down the ladder and up the ladder—now finding that he had not brought sufficient straw, then forgetting his hay-band, and anon dropping his shears, he at length pronounced it a greater “devil of a job” than he expected. However, he had begun, and finish it he would, come what might; he had been a good long time, to be sure, before he commenced, and nothing had been said about it, but there would be no standing the jokes against him, if he left it now unfinished; so at it he went again, with

fresh energy and good will, and worked away until the sun was nearly setting, and he was summoned to the evening meal. But no; George knew that if he lost the half hour, which, at the very least, it must take, to get through that very important part of the business of life, his thatch would not be done that night, and as to the morrow, *that* was the wedding day, and who could be expected to think of work then? He must take advantage of the sun as long as it lingered, and they must get on with their meal without him. “So, Norrah dear, (as his wife's pretty face peeped up from the foot of the ladder,) “fall to, all of ye—never you mind me; in half an hour I'll be down meself, and soon make up for lost time in the ating and the drinking. Accordingly, a portion was set apart for George, and the meal proceeded without him, in order that the other members of the household might also get through with their various occupations before the night should close in. In good truth there was little more to be done, and nothing that could not, just as well, have been left 'till the morrow; but what mistress of a family, when a wedding is in progress, ever thinks she has half enough time before her, to get thoroughly forward in her preparations? What woman ever believed that there were not a thousand little things to attend to at the last moment, which were absolutely indispensable to the comfort of her guests, but which would take up just double the time she could afford to expend upon them?

Thus it was that Norrah, as the evening approached, was in a far greater bustle than she had been at any previous part of the day; and became nervously anxious that every thing not wanted for the next morning, should be put out of the way, and every thing that was wanted, should be brought out and put in its proper place, ready for use at a moment's warning. She was sure that something would go wrong. She was afraid, nay, she was certain, that many things had been forgotten. The conviction became stronger and stronger upon her mind, that several important arrangements she had intended to make had been neglected too long already, and therefore every thing now to be done must be done in less than the least time possible.

She could not spare a minute, even to caress the little “Norree,” as they called her, who came toddling to her side, to beg for a game of romps with mamma, but was quickly reformed, as a substitute, to the kitten. Fortunately for them, the feelings of children are not very acute under the infliction of these little repulses, and Norree was soon engaged, heart and soul, in the tumblings and chasings of her graceful playmate. Not a hole or corner of the room that was not quickly strown with paper, straw, and other evidences of their gambols, and when they were no longer in sight, the listening mother could still trace their whorlwhouts, by the scrambling and shoutings of the merry pair.

Annie, in the meanwhile, had made her escape—convinced that her services were not likely to bring her sister one moment nearer to the completion of her hospitable labors, but that the end of one only suggested the beginning of another, she laughingly bade good bye, and strolled off with her lover for an evening ramble.

An evening ramble—the last evening ramble of a youth and maiden about to take upon themselves the serious responsibilities of wedded life! Oh! how many bewildering thoughts, half hope, half fear, are mingled with their bright anticipations. How much does the young lover promise to himself—how many errors does he mentally determine to forsake—how many bad habits shall hereafter be abandoned—how many good ones be henceforth fostered and encouraged in their stead—and all for the sake of one who looks up with beaming eyes into his face, and inwardly wonders how God could ever have made any being so perfect.

Their walk had extended no great distance, Annie being anxious to remain so far within call, as to be able to return at a few minutes' warning, in case her assistance should be required. They had therefore taken a road that led them to a slight elevation, directly in the rear of their dwelling, contriving, however, to lengthen out the way by pursuing various winding paths and little green lanes, which they knew would bring them back, every now and then, to some spot from which they could overlook the farm, and judge whether any one had been sent out to seek for them. The sun had just disappeared with its bright glowing face, leaving behind it the sweet soft twilight to supply its place, and tinge every object with its own pure mellow hue, when the winding footpath brought them once more to the point of the eminence we have mentioned, and the lovers paused to admire, for the hundredth time, the look of quiet loveliness, the peaceful, homelike aspect of security that seemed to brood over, and surround the spot where they had already spent so many happy days—the spot which had beheld the commencement of their love, and would, in all human probability, continue to be their home as long as it should please God to make this world their dwelling-place. It was not, indeed, the most favorable position, nor the most picturesque side of the house that could have been selected for the purpose, but there *was* a sort of beauty in its comfortable, quiet, old-fashioned proportions—and then the eyes that looked upon it were full of hope and joy, and lent to it a thousand attractions conjured up from the store of their own happy thoughts.

The really pretty part of the building was in front—quite out of the line of their view—here the deep, cool, shady old porch stood out in bold relief, covered over entirely with clustering honeysuckle and the sweet smelling jessamine, which had been trained and coaxed by the gentle hand of Annie, to climb up also to a very considerable distance on the right hand side, where a slight, shallow frame of lattice work had been placed for its support, just enticing it away from the wall sufficiently to make it form a pleasant shade to the upper part of the bed-room window. She could tell precisely the position of that favorite window of her's, even where she now stood; for just above the top of the long steep roof was seen the end of the tall ladder upon which they had left George so busily engaged when they came out, and which was placed, she knew, exactly in front of her room. "He must have done his work now," she thought, for she could no longer distinguish any thing

upon the roof, which she had been able to do several times before, when they stood upon the same place—"and see, too, there's Norah—come out, perhaps, to look for us—no, she is going the other way."

Norah did not indeed come to look for them; but passing out at the side door, crossed over the bit of green field to the left, and went straight into the kitchen garden. They watched her light figure as she moved here and there, backward and forward among the beds, gathering up in her arms huge bunches of the shrubs, with which country housewives so delight to embellish their picture-frames or fire place, and when she had loaded herself to her heart's content, saw her returning to the house, almost buried under her accumulation of green trophies. Annie called to her, and waved her bonnet in the air to catch her attention. Does Norah hear her? Yes—suddenly she stops. Does she see them? they think not—she does not look their way—but yet she stops—what is it for? what ails her? her arms drop down by her side—the shrubs she has gathered lie scattered on the grass—she staggers forward a pace or two, and then falls heavily to the ground.

Poor Annie's shrieks, as she sprang over stile and ditch, regardless of every thing but the distance that separated them, did more good than screechings usually do on such occasions—they called George's attention to the spot, so that by the time she arrived, Norah had been laid on her bed, while the kind-hearted husband, pale with fright, stood leaning over her, exhorting all his slender skill to forward her recovery. He knew, indeed, it was but a fit—a common fainting fit—and a few minutes more would, in all likelihood, restore her to them as well as ever. The only wonder was, that Norah, the strong, healthy, cheerful Norah—the country-bred, active, never-tiring housewife—could be so strangely overcome by the little extra bustle and fatigue of the last few days; and bitterly did poor Annie reproach herself for having left her that evening, to finish her task alone. But Norah, by this time, was beginning to recover, and the fright consequent upon such an unusual event as a fainting fit in an Irish farmhouse, having in some degree subsided, it was thought best to leave the women to themselves for a short time, while the young men were to keep within call in case of being wanted. George resigned his place by the bed-side, and having kissed the cold lips of his pretty little wife, was about to leave the room, when she suddenly opened her eyes wildly, fixed them intently upon his face, and, as if with great exertion, muttering, "George, the child, the child!" relapsed into a death-like swoon. The child—where was the child? who had seen little Norneo lately? No one. George had passed her, he remembered, when he first came in from his work. She was playing in the porch with her little kitten, and so intent upon the gambols of her playmate, that as he caught her up to carry her with him into the house, she had struggled so eagerly to free herself from his arms, that he had set her down again, and left her to her enjoyment. Where was she now? His first thought was of the pond that stood but a few yards from the front of the house, and in one moment he was

standing on its brink. No—God be praised—no sign of her was there—he could see to the very bottom of the shallow water, and not a trace of recent disturbance was visible. With a lightened heart he paused for a moment or two, not knowing which way to direct his steps, when suddenly, directly at his back, as it seemed, broke forth the low, clear, sweet gurgling sound of childish laughter.

For an instant his joy was almost overpowering; he wiped the moisture from his forehead, and with a deep sigh of thankfulness, turned round to clasp the little wanderer to his heart.

Mother of Heaven! what does he see?—his babe—his treasure—his own, his only child—his beautiful Nornee! where was she? Not, as he fondly expected, gamboling at his side—not within reach of his enshrining arms; but suspended, as it were, far above him—clinging, so it seemed, to the very edge of the roof, from which, one instant more, and she must inevitably be dashed to atoms at his feet.

He could not move—a mist came over his eyes—he could not speak; but he stood like one entranced—his limbs icy cold, his face of livid whiteness—the clammy drops pouring like rain down his cheeks, and his eyes, though they saw not, fixed immovably upon the spot where they had first caught sight of the horrid vision. She did not see him. She was clinging to one of the highest rounds of the ladder, just close to where it leaned against the roof of the house. From one tiny hand a long string was dangling, at the end of which was tied a ball of paper; and on the ground beneath, her companion, the kitten, was trying, with eager jumps, to catch hold of the plaything that had been prepared for its amusement. Every fresh bound of the graceful animal called forth new shouts of merriment; and as soon as it profited so far by experience, as to endeavor to scramble up a round or two of the ladder in its eager pursuit, the shouts of the child were increased to absolute shrieks of delight. The poor father turned sick at heart. If he called her suddenly, it might but hurry her to her fate. There she stood—his hope, his comfort, his blessed—blessed Nornee—far beyond his reach—her rosy cheek pressed closely against the frail support round which her right arm was entwined, one miniature foot held threateningly forth, ready to beat down the intruder, should it venture too near—her blue eyes dancing with excitement, and her whole beaming face flushed with the triumph of successful achievement. She had clambered, step by step, unconscious of her progress, until she was now on a level with the slight shallow piece of lattice work we have before mentioned, as forming a shade to one of the bed-room windows, and as she moved her tiny foot to and fro, in the vain effort to punish the playmate that had never been able to reach within many a yard of where she now stood, it struck accidentally against the leaf-covered frame. Casting her eyes upon it for a moment, and mistaking it, perhaps, for the solid greenward, she moved cautiously to the extreme edge of the ladder with the evident intention of trusting to its treacherous support.

It was then that the agonized father uttered an involuntary cry, and rushed a few steps forward. The joyous little creature recognized him with a shout, but interpreting his appearance there, into a challenge to another game of romps, made fruitless attempts to get up still higher out of his reach—and while the unhappy man stopped suddenly, in helpless, hopeless anguish—peal upon peal came ringing through the air, until the whole heavens seemed to become musical with the quick, loud laughter of the happy child.

In vain did the father attempt to speak—his voice seemed utterly gone—he did not dare to let her see him move, for that might increase the distance between them—one slight hope dawned upon his mind—he advanced stealthily, and without allowing her to see his movements, until he found himself at the foot of the ladder, and then, keeping his eyes all the while fixed upon the same spot, stooped suddenly down, seized the kitten in his grasp, and hurled it, he knew not in what direction, but somewhere, as far away as his strength would permit.

The plan succeeded. The child stared incredulously at first, and then manifested an intention of coming down in search of its ill-used favorite.

With a beating heart—a face still deadly pale, and a ghastly smile of encouragement upon his lips, that even yet refused to utter an intelligible word, poor George crept cautiously up, up, farther and farther, until he found the merry face of his darling on a level with his own broad shoulders; when, taking her gently in his arms, he descended carefully, and alighted safely on the ground.

Not 'till then did the father's heart give way. Nornee wondered why it was that she was held so tightly; and why her father did not kiss her as was his usual wont—but no—he did not move—he did not even smile as he looked upon her face. But, by and by, his brawny chest began to heave—he sat down for a few moments upon the ground, still clasping her closely in his powerful arms, and she felt the big, heavy tears fall in torrents over her dimpled shoulders. Then, starting suddenly up, never for an instant relaxing his hold upon his rescued treasure, he rushed into the house, and without uttering a single word, pressed one long kiss upon her rosy cheek, and laid her softly down upon her mother's bosom.

A CHILD'S REASONING.

'Twas summer, and a little bright-eyed boy sat by a window opening to the south. His fair and glossy curls thrown back in rich profusion waved to and fro, fanned by the evening breeze. The heat had been oppressive through the day, and now he felt the air refreshing,—and he wondered what it was made of, whence it came, and whither it was going.

He thought the sun grew larger as it sunk behind the western hill. And then the moon seemed playing at beau-peep, for she did clamber up a mountain in the east and look about, just as the sun went down, and then ran after him.

He was a sprightly child, and loved to see into the things around him. He would inquire about the world's creation; how it was lost, and then restored again. Young as he was, for he had only seen six rosy summers wreath and shed their garlands; yet he had heard the little infant skeptic scoff—(the little mimic of a wretched father whose virtues had all perished, and who, sinking from bad to worse, thought it a grand exploit to take his children with him,) and with a child's simplicity he told the tale to his fond listening mother, prefaced with a kiss.

Mother, Frank says there is no God. How

can he think so? who then could make the changes that we see? There is the brook on which I slid last winter when covered thick with ice. It was so cold, I had to wear my mittens and my cap, and wrap me in my little scarlet coat, and still I was almost frozen. Now, the stream flows, sweetly murmuring in its course, and is so clear that I can see the pebbles at the bottom. *Then*, it would bear my weight and Willy's too. *Now*, if I throw a stone it sinks at once. And now, I bathe just where I used to slide, under the weeping-willow. *Then* its slender twigs, shaken by the wind, threatened to whip me. But now, they seem quite friendly, "stooping as if to drink," they throw a leafy mantle round and screen me from the sun.

The snow was on that bank, down which my little sled glided so smoothly, and I would drag it up the slippery steep to ride me down again. *Now*, it is covered with a rich green carpet, with blue and yellow flowers, such as I brought you, dear mother, this morning, with little dew-drops hanging all about them like tears. And *then*, those trees had only naked branches, their leaves had withered and were blown away. Since then, the blossoms have been thick upon them—leaves came again, and *now*, the fruit is clustering. Without a God, could all these changes happen? He paused and seemed absorbed in his own musings. Meanwhile, the silver orb rolled on—no shadow of a cloud obscured her brightness. Fixing his eager gaze upon her face, with big thoughts struggling in his little breast, he raised his hand triumphantly exclaiming, "Look at that moon, too—man could not have made it—what man ever yet could reach so high?"

[*Sunday School Journal.*]

A Father, in New York.

London Tract Society Anecdotes

The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Mar 25, 1842; 15, 46; American Periodicals

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was a Bible class organized, which he was induced to attend. And here his interest soon began to be made manifest by his study of the Scriptures. He learned to read well, which much astonished his father, who was a very wicked man. One Sabbath, his father took some nails and a hammer to nail up a fence, when he was reproved by his little son, who spoke about working on the Sabbath day, and invited him to attend public worship. The enraged father drove him from his presence, and threatened to punish him, if he ever talked in that way again. The child went away sorrowful. Not long after this, as the little boy returned from public worship, he went and looked over his father's shoulder, and observed that he was reading Hume's "History of England." He went into the middle of the room, and said, "Father, where do you expect to go when you die?" Such a question from such a child could not be borne. "Away," said he, "from my presence immediately, or I will whip you." The child retired; but the father was troubled. He went out to walk, but still a load was pressing on his agonized soul. He thought of attending public worship, for nothing else seemed so likely to soothe his troubled feelings. He entered while the minister was at prayer, and that day was the beginning of better days to him. He sought from God the forgiveness of his sins, and soon obtained the hope of eternal life. A few years passed away, and the old man was on his dying bed. His son attended him, constantly ministering to his spiritual wants. To a Christian minister the father said, "I am dying, but I am going to heaven; and my son has been the instrument of saving my soul." Soon his spirit was released to be welcomed, as we have no reason to doubt, into the mansions of glory. Happy child! to be the instrument of saving his father from death! Happy parent! to be blest with such a child.

[*London Tract Society Anecdotes.*

A Father, in New York.

In New York city a little boy lived, who appeared to take little or no interest in learning, so that he was pronounced by his teachers a very dull scholar. He learned to read but very slowly, and finally neglected his school, thinking he should never be able to read. There

A NAVAL REMINISCENCE.

IN the year 1804, when Preble, as commodore of the American squadron in the Mediterranean, was gaining glory before Tripoli, alike for himself, his officers and crews, and for his country, lieutenant-commandant Richard Somers had command, under him, of the *Nautilus*, a schooner of fourteen guns.

During the several fights which had previously occurred with the enemy, this officer had shown great bravery as commander of gun-boat number one; and now suggested to the commodore that a happy result might possibly be obtained by converting the ketch *Intrepid*, a captured craft of about seventy-five tons—the identical vessel with which the gallant *Decatur* had boarded, recaptured, and burned the frigate *Philadelphia*—into a fire-ship, and sending her into the harbor under the walls of the bashaw's castle, in direct contact with the entire marine force of the Tripolitans.

This daring and highly dangerous enterprise being determined upon, Somers, with whom it had originated, received orders, to which he was thus entitled, to conduct it; and the necessary preparations were promptly made by him. Fifteen thousand pounds of powder were first placed loosely in the hold of the ketch, and upon this, two hundred and fifty thirteen-inch fused shells, with a train attached from the cabin and fore-peak. Only one officer, the talented and lamented Henry Wadsworth, brother of the present Commodore Wadsworth, was to accompany him, and four volunteer seamen were to compose his crew.

All things were now in readiness, except the selection of the men, for it came to this, at last, every man on board the *Nautilus* having volunteered for the service. This done, it was determined without

delay to attempt the enterprise, and to succeed in it or perish.

Two nights successively did the *Intrepid* move; but owing to light and baffling winds, nothing could be accomplished. These failures, and an unusual movement in the harbor, after dark, on the third night, led Somers to believe that the suspicions of the enemy had been excited, and that they were on the look-out. It was the general impression that their powder was nearly exhausted; and as so large a quantity as was on board the ketch, if captured, would greatly tend to protract the contest, before setting off, he addressed his crew upon the subject, telling them "that no man need accompany him who had not come to the resolution to blow himself up, rather than be captured; and that such was fully his own determination!" Three cheers was the only reply. The gallant crew rose, as a single man, with the resolution of yielding up their lives, sooner than surrender to their enemies; while each stepped forth, and begged, as a *favor*, that he might be permitted to *apply the match*! It was a glorious moment, and made an impression on the hearts of those witnessing it, never to be forgotten.

All then took leave of every officer and of every man, in the most cheerful manner, with a shake of the hand, as if they already knew that their fate was doomed; and one and another, as they passed over the side to take their posts on board the ketch, might be heard in their own peculiar manner, to cry out, "I say, Sam Jones, I leave you my blue jacket and duck trowsers, stowed away in my bag;" and "Bill Curtis, you may have the tarpaulin hat, and guernsey frock, and them petticoat-trowsers I got in Malta—and mind, boys, when you get home, give a good account of us!" In like manner did each thus make his oral will, to which the writer was witness, and which "*last will and testament*" he caused to be executed to the very letter.

It was about nine o'clock, on the night of the 4th of September, 1814, that this third and last attempt was made. The *Nautilus* had been ordered to follow the *Intrepid* closely in, to pick and bring out her boat's crew, in case they should succeed in the exploit. Hence, though it was very dark, we never lost sight of her, as I had been directed by the first lieutenant, the late gallant Washington Reed, who commanded in the absence of Somers, to keep constant watch of her for this purpose with a night-glass.

At the end of an hour, about ten o'clock, P. M., while I was engaged in this duty, the awful explosion took place. For a moment the flash illuminated the whole heavens around, while the terrific concussion shook every thing far and near. Then all was hushed again, and every object veiled in a darkness of a double gloom. On board the *Nautilus*, the silence of death seemed to pervade the entire crew; but quickly the din of kettle-drums beating to arms, with noise of confusion and alarm, was heard from the inhabitants on shore. To aid in the escape of the boat, an order was now given by Reed, to "*show a light*," upon the appearance of which, hundreds of shot, from an equal number of guns, of heavy calibre, from the batteries near, came rattling over and around us. But we heeded them not: one thought and one feeling alone had possession of our souls—the preservation of Somers and his crew!

As moment after moment passed by, without

bringing with it the preconcerted signal from the boat, the anxiety on board became intense; and the men with lighted lanterns, hung themselves over the sides of the vessel till their heads almost touched the water, a position in which an object on its surface can be seen farthest in a dark night, with the hope of discovering something which would give assurance of its safety. Still no boat came, and no signal was given; and the unwelcome conclusion was at last forced upon us, that the fearful alternative of blowing themselves up rather than be captured, so bravely determined upon at the outset of the enterprise, had been as bravely put in execution. The fact that the *Intrepid*, at the time of the explosion, had not proceeded as far into the harbor, by several hundred yards, as it was the intention of Somers to carry her, before setting her on fire, confirmed us in this apprehension; still, we lingered on the spot till broad daylight, though we lingered in vain, in the hope that some one, at least, of the number, might yet be rescued by us from a floating plank or spar, to tell the tale of his companions' fate.

To our astonishment, we learned next day that Lieutenant Israel, a gallant youth, who had been sent with orders from Commodore Preble to Somers, after he was under way in the ketch, had accompanied him in the expedition, and had shared his destiny.

Such was the end of the noble fellows, who, a few days only before, on board their own gun-boat number one, had beaten six of the enemy's fleet, of equal force with themselves, immediately under the guns, and within pistol-shot of a shore-battery: an achievement accomplished only in their peculiar position, by backing astern, and keeping up an incessant fire of canvass-bags, filled with one thousand musket-balls each, till our gallant Commodore in the "*Constitution*," stood in to take the fire of the battery, and thus enable us, under his cover, to obey the order, "*to come out of action*," a signal which had already been flying more than an hour, and which Somers at first would not, and at last (from the fierceness of the fight) could not see.—[*Naval Magazine*.]

guiling the hours of twilight in this manner. His *castle in Spain* was to be a neat cottage, in which he and his friend were to live together—he 'purposing by his labor to supply means of support for both. While warmly engaged in discussing the comforts to be enjoyed in the cottage, his mother entered the apartment, and after listening with a mother's tenderness and interest to the little prattler, she said with a smile, "I think, my son, you will have to give me a place of refuge in your nice, quiet cottage." The little fellow at first gladly assented; but he was soon met by a difficulty: "Mother," said he, "you forgot poor father! what is to become of him?" "Oh," replied she, still smiling, "he can get another wife."

Quite a striking change now manifested itself in the dear child; he smiled, indeed, but his countenance was yet, nevertheless, full of thoughtfulness, and he lifted up his forefinger most significantly, saying emphatically, "Mother! mother! you forget." "Forget what, my son," she answered; a little at a loss to understand the child's meaning. "Why, mother, you know what Jesus said about people who left their wives! You wouldn't want father to be so naughty!"

Something here occurred to call the mother out of the room, before she had time to explain to the child that she had only been speaking playfully. For some time after she had left the apartment, the little boy continued silent and thoughtful; at length he turned to the female friend, before referred to, and said in an earnest manner, "Don't you think I did right in *prompting* mother." She, desirous of drawing out his sentiments, inquired what he meant by *prompting*. "Why," said he, "putting mother in mind of what Jesus had said, when she had forgotten it." "My love," replied his friend, "your dear mother was not in earnest, just now, and she did not suppose you would think her so!"

"Wasn't she?" answered he, with an evident relief. "Well, I thought she was. Don't you ~~think; imagine; make good people; easy to turn-~~ nest, talk of doing things that God has forbidden, it is right even for little children to *prompt them*!" "Yes, my love, I do; and I have heard of cases where very little ones have been made, in this manner, the greatest blessings to their parents and other elder persons!"

THE NURSERY.

A YOUNG PROMPTER.

Intelligent children, of active minds and affectionate hearts, are fond of talking over the plans, which even the youthful imagination will form for its future life. On one occasion, a very little boy was seated by the side of a female relative, to whom he was much attached, and was be-

AMY ROSS, AND HER BLIND GRANDFATHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SOLITARY HOURS."

Do you see that pretty little girl, and that old man, sitting together by the way-side, on that green sunny bank under the old hawthorn? That poor old man is blind, quite blind; and that good little girl often leads him, about this hour on summer evenings, to that pleasant spot, where the last sunbeams shine brightly on the green sheltered bank, and on the old man's uncovered head; for his hat is off, you see—his little grand-daughter holds it as if to ask alms from the passers by; but she does not beg, though she and her old grandfather are very poor; she only holds it for him that he may feel the comfortable warmth of the setting sunbeams on his bare head, and among its thin silvery locks.

That poor old man now lives in the parish work-house; yet the time was, when he had a comfortable dwelling of his own. A good farm-house, with a pretty garden and orchard, and barns, and granaries, meadow and corn land, and much cattle. And then he was a very happy man; for, beside his worldly substance, he had a wife and children whom he loved, and who loved him dearly, and for a great many years he prospered in all his undertakings.

Happy was it for Adam Hartly, that while all went well with him, he never forgot his dependence on the Giver of all good, nor ever lay down in his bed at night, nor arose from it in the morning, without thanking Him for his mercies, nor ever passed a day without reading some portion of the Holy Scriptures to his assembled family. Happy was it for Adam Hartly that he was thus piously observant in the days of his prosperity, for at last the evil days came, and then he was not forsaken by the God in whom he trusted.

First of all, sickness, grievous sickness! was sent into his house—and of five blooming and beautiful children, fast growing into youths and maidens, four were taken away from him, within a few weeks of each other, by a contagious malady; and their mother, worn out by grief and anxiety, was soon after laid in the church-yard, beside the green graves of her departed children.

Then Adam Hartly was left alone, without any to care for, or to comfort him, but one little daughter in her fourteenth year; but she was a good and dutiful child, and grew up into a fine young woman, the joy and blessing of her father's life. And after a time, Mary Hartly became a wife, and her husband came to live with her in her own dear home, with her indulgent father, who believed, in the simplicity of his own honest heart, that William Ross had chosen his Mary, and won her for his wife, from motives of pure affection, without any interested views toward her future fortune. And for a while the young man's conduct was such as to give him tolerable if not entire satisfaction; but again the hand of God fell heavily on the head of Adam Hartly—a dimness came upon his sight, and in a very short time, total darkness sealed it for ever; and while the heavy stroke was still recent, a second followed, and through the faithlessness of a friend, for whom he had been bound to the full value of all his worldly substance, Adam Hartly was reduced in one day to utter destitution! Such afflictions were very hard to bear, and the old man's heart felt ready to break, when he looked on his dear daughter, and on her little Amy, who had been

born under his roof; but then he called to mind that the Almighty arm was still their refuge and defence, and submitted without a murmur.

Every thing was sold: the old farm-house, and all the land belonging to it—cows, sheep, oxen—every thing; Adam Hartly had nothing left that he could call his own, except a little wearing apparel, and some few articles of furniture, which he saved from the general wreck, to furnish a small room for himself, in the cottage to which his daughter and her husband betook themselves, when obliged to quit the comfortable home which had sheltered them so long.

And now it was that the character of William Ross displayed itself in its true colors. He did not, indeed, absolutely refuse a refuge to the father-in-law to whom he owed so much. Some feelings of shame, and the thought of what people would say of him, forbade this; but he admitted the respectable old man into his house with reluctant churlishness, and grudged the poor corner of it assigned to his use, and the scanty portion allotted to him of the common weal. And yet William Ross was by no means reduced to extreme poverty by the ruin of his father-in-law. The cottage to which he retired was his own, with a little land adjoining; and he was a hale and powerful man, able (even without other means) to have maintained his family in plenty and comfort. But he was a man of a hard and selfish nature; and when no longer restrained by interested motives, gave way to all his wicked propensities.

Very soon he became a notorious drunkard and swearer, and a hardened sabbath-breaker; and, after neglecting his labor and his little property, he would stay away for days and nights together from his house and family—and when he returned, so savage was his conduct, that his poor wife and child learned to tremble at his approaching footstep. But what went deepest into Mary's heart was, his treatment of her dear old father; and more than once she flung herself before him in the fury of his passion, and received on her own slight and delicate form, the blow aimed at the blind man's head. And he himself, old Adam Hartly, bore all in patience, for God's sake, and for the sake of his dear daughter, and her little Amy; and if a soft answer could always turn away wrath, his meek replies might well have disarmed even that of his brutal son-in-law; but he was a heartless, cruel man—and from year to year went on from worse to worse, till his poor wife's heart was quite broken, and she lay down on that bed from which she was never more to arise, till carried thence in her coffin.

The sight of that death-bed would have touched the hardest heart. The poor little girl's face was pressed close to her dying mother's cheek, on the raised pillow—while she struggled hard to suppress her sobs, and to listen attentively to the broken accents that bade her put her trust in God, and saved him always with a perfect heart; and be good and dutiful to her father, and to her dear old grandfather. And then the voice of the dying woman faltered away, and she too sobbed bitterly; and the poor old man, who knelt beside the bed, holding one of her cold hands in his, tried to comfort her and bless her, but he could not speak. Even the unfeeling nature of the cruel husband relented at this sight, he stood looking on, with a sullen brow, from a corner of the little chamber; and, coming forward

he laid his hand upon the disengaged hand of his poor wife, and muttered some half-gracious words of assurance that "the old man should never want." And that cold promise so gladdened the departing spirit of the anxious daughter, that, half-raising herself in bed, she cried out in a strong voice—"God bless you for that, William!"—and then a sweet smile spread, like moonlight, over her whole countenance, and her eyes closing, as if in sleep, she sank softly down, and breathed her last sigh into the bosom of her child.

Little Amy Ross was only eight years old when her mother died; but early sorrow and untimely care had subdued her young gay spirit to a serious and thoughtful cast of character, very uncommon in a child of such tender age; so that she took little delight in childish plays, or with youthful companions. She never was so happy as when, seated on her little stool, at her grandfather's knee, they two talked together of her dear mother, now a saint in heaven, or she read from the Bible some chapter pointed out by the old blind man, while his hand rested upon her young fair head, smoothing its soft silky waves with the most endearing and caressing fondness.

For a short season, William Ross remembered his promise to his dying wife, and kept it with tolerable decency; that is, he refrained from personally ill using her aged father, or from taunting his helplessness and infirmities; and he still granted him the shelter of his roof, and a bitter morsel of the bread of dependence; but even such poor progress in the task of well doing, soon exhausted the feeble resolution of the unrepentant and miserable man, who plunged deeper than ever into vicious courses and evil company, and before the sods were grown together upon his wife's grave, he brought into his house, a coarse unprincipled woman, to be the step-mother of her orphan child, and drove his aged parent forth from his inhospitable door to seek shelter in the parish workhouse.

Bitterly—bitterly did poor little Amy weep and sob, as she led her dear grandfather by the hand to that comfortless home; and very hard she felt it, to promise him, as he required, that she would still be good and dutiful to her father, and even do her best to please and content the hard woman who was set over her, in the place of her own gentle mother. But she *did* promise all this, because her dear grandfather said it would comfort him for all his troubles, and make him happy, even in the workhouse. And when the old man lifted her up to bless and kiss her, as they parted at the door of the dark, gloomy building, and bade her remember and do all that she had engaged to do, for his sake—and for the sake of her dear dead mother, and, above all, for God's sake; the loving child burst into an agony of tears and sobbed out, in her almost inarticulate distress, "I will! I will grandfather!—only be happy."

And well did Amy Ross keep the promise exacted from her at that cruel moment—and very patiently did the meek and timid child submit to the heavy yoke that was laid upon her by her harsh step-mother, and to the increasing severity with which she was treated by her father, whose brutal temper, often aggravated to frenzy by the malicious tongue of his new helpmate, too frequently vented itself in blows and curses on his unoffending child.

But never did a hasty word, or a sullen murmur, or

so much as a reproachful look escape her, even when she was tried to the uttermost—and, at last, when her step-mother was afflicted with a tedious illness, after her little baby was born, Amy proved such a tender and careful nurse, and showed such love and kindness toward the little helpless infant, her half sister, that the heart of its mother was touched with some relents of gratitude and affection toward the forgiving child, who thus repaid good for evil; and from that time forward Amy's home became a less unhappy one, and she was treated with comparative kindness and occasional indulgence.

But the only indulgence for which she ever longed—the only favor she ever had it at heart to obtain, was that of being allowed, when she had worked cheerfully all day, at various tasks, to steal away for an hour in the evening, down to the gloomy work-house, to clasp her arms around the neck of her dear grandfather—to kiss him, and ask his blessing, after she had whispered in his ear that she had done her best "to give content at home;" and if the weather was warm and pleasant, to lead out the old man to his favorite walk in the avenue that led to Hartly-farm; or to that sheltered resting place, on the green daisy-covered bank, where you have just seen him seated, with his little affectionate companion.

And very often Amy brings her Bible to that pleasant spot, and reads a chapter from it to the old blind man, to whose ear, even the words of life sound sweeter from the innocent lips of his duteous Amy. And, this evening, she has been repeating to him a little hymn, which she has lately learned from a book given to her by a kind lady—"The Little Villager's Hymn-Book." Amy's eyes fill with tears, and her voice trembles a little, as she repeats that pretty hymn—for it is one "about a child and a blind grandfather"—and the old man's sightless eye-balls are glistening also, as he listens to that youthful voice, and those affecting words. But, when Amy comes to the last verse—

"Think no more of them, aged man!
For here thou hast no friend;"

she stops abruptly, at the end of those two first lines, and bursting into tears, hides her face in the old man's bosom, and murmurs in broken accents, "but *you have me*, dear grandfather!"—and clasping her still closer, Adam Hartly fervently exclaims, "Yes, I have thee; thee, still, my precious child! Blessed be God for it—and he will bless thee, my Amy, for thy love and duty to thy old blind grandfather."

Was not Amy Ross, think you, a happy child that night? And though, when she went back to her father's cottage, dark looks frowned on her, and rough words reproached her long absence and her supper was stinted to a crust of dry bread and a draught of cold water; yet think you not that Amy Ross, having reverently said her accustomed prayer, laid down her head that night, on the hard pillow of her uncurtained bed, with a lighter and happier heart than beats in the bosom of many a little lady, indulged in all her capricious fancies, surfeited with dainties, and folded to rest on down pillows, under a silken canopy?

ANECDOTE OF A HORSE.

MR. CATLIN, in his new work on the North American Indians, relates the following interesting anecdote of his horse Charley:

"On this journey, while he and I were twenty-five days alone, we had much time, and the best of circumstances, under which to learn what we had as yet over-looked in each other's characters, as well as to draw great pleasure and real benefit from what we already had learned of each other in our former travels.

"I generally halted on the bank of some little stream, at half an hour of sunset, where feed was good for Charley, and where I could get wood to kindle my fire, and water for my coffee. The first thing was to undress Charley, and drive down his picket, to which he was fastened, to graze over a circle that he could inscribe at the end of his lasso. In this wise he busily fed himself until nightfall; and after my coffee was made and drank, I uniformly moved him up, with his picket by my head, so that I could lay my hand upon his lasso in an instant, in case of any alarm that was liable to drive him from me. On one of these evenings when he was grazing as usual, he slipped the lasso over his head, and deliberately took his supper at his pleasure, wherever he chose to prefer it, as he was strolling around. When night approached, I took the lasso in hand and endeavored to catch him, but I soon saw that he was determined to enjoy a little freedom; and he continually evaded me until dark, when I abandoned the pursuit, making up my mind that I should inevitably lose him, and be obliged to perform the rest of my journey on foot. He had led me a chase of half a mile or more, when I left him busily grazing, and returned to my little solitary bivouac, and laid myself on my bear-skin and went to sleep.

"In the middle of the night I waked, while I was laying on my back, and on half-opening my eyes, I was instantly shocked to the soul, by the huge figure (as I thought) of an Indian standing over me

and in the very instant of taking my scalp! The chill of horror that paralyzed me for the first moment, held me still till I saw there was no need of my moving—that my faithful horse Charley had 'played shy' till he had 'filled his belly,' and had, then moved up, from feelings of pure affection, or from instinctive fear, or possibly from a due share of both, and taken his position with his fore-feet at the edge of my bed, with his head hanging directly over me, while he was standing fast asleep!

"My nerves, which had been most violently shocked, were soon quieted, and I fell asleep, and so continued until sunrise in the morning, when I waked, and beheld my faithful servant at some considerable distance, busily at work picking up his breakfast among the cane-brakes along the bank of the creek. I went busily to work, preparing my own, which was eaten; and after it I had another half-hour of fruitless endeavors to catch Charley, while he seemed mindful of success on the evening before, and continually tantalized me by turning around and around, and keeping out of my reach. I recollected the conclusive evidence of his attachment and dependence, which he had voluntarily given in the night, and I thought I would try them in another way; so I packed up my things and slung the saddle on my back, trailing my gun in my hand, and started on my route. After I had advanced a quarter of a mile, I looked back, and saw him standing, with his head and tail very high, looking alternately at me and at the spot where I had been encamped, and had left a little fire burning. In this condition he stood and surveyed the prairies around for a while, as I continued on. He at length walked with a hurried step to the spot, and seeing every thing gone, began to neigh very violently, and at last started off at the fullest speed, and overtook me, passing within a few paces of me, and wheeling about at a few rods distance in front of me, trembling like an aspen leaf.

"I called him by his familiar name, and walked up to him with the bridle in my hand, which I put over his head, as he held it down for me, and the saddle on his back, as he actually stooped to receive it. I was soon arranged, and on his back, when he started off upon his course as if he was well contented and pleased, like his rider, with the manœuvre which had brought us together again, and afforded us mutual relief from our awkward positions. Though this alarming freak of Charley's passed off and terminated so satisfactorily, yet I thought such rather dangerous ones to play, and I took good care after that night to keep him under my strict authority; resolving to avoid further tricks and experiments till we got to the land of cultivated fields and steady habits."



ANECDOTES OF HORSES.

"A little girl, the daughter of a gentleman in Warwickshire, playing on the banks of a canal which runs through his grounds, had the misfortune to fall in, and would in all probability have been drowned, had not a little pony, which had been long kept in the family, plunged into the stream, and brought the child safely ashore without the slightest injury.

"The following interesting fact was witnessed by Dr. Plunket, Bishop of Meath. A gentleman had a white pony, which became extremely attached to a little dog that lived with him in the same stable, and whenever the horse was rode out, the dog universally ran by its side. One day, when the groom took out the pony for exercise, and accompanied as usual by his canine friend, they met a large dog, who very violently attacked the diminutive cur; upon which the horse reared on his hind legs, and to the astonishment of the groom and the bystanders, so effectually fought his friend's battle with his fore feet, that the aggressor found it his interest to scamper off at full speed, and never again ventured to assail the small dog.

[Youth's Keepsake, published by W. Crosby & Co. Boston.]

VARIETY.

Anecdotes.

"When I was a lad," says one, "an old gentleman took some trouble to teach me some little knowledge of the world. With this view, I remember, he once asked me when a man was rich enough. I replied, when he has a thousand dollars. He said, no. Two thousand? No. Ten thousand? No. Twenty thousand? No. A hundred thousand? which I thought would settle the business, but he still continuing to say No, I gave it up, and confessed I could not tell, but begged he would inform me. He gravely said, when he has a little more than he has, and that is never! If he acquires one thousand, he wishes to have two thousand; then five, then ten, then twenty, then fifty; from that his riches would amount to a hundred thousand, and so on till he has grasped the whole world; after which he would look about him like Alexander, for other worlds to possess.

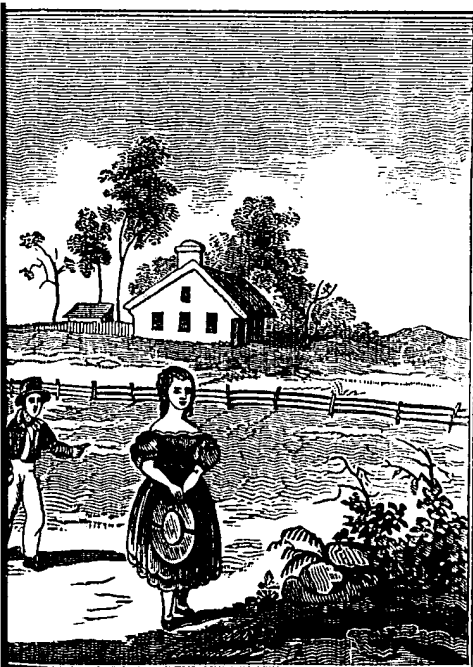
A young person once mentioned to Dr. Franklin his surprise that the possession of great riches should ever be attended with undue solicitude, and instanced a merchant, who, although in possession of unbounded wealth, was as busy and much more anxious than the most assiduous clerk in his counting house. The Doctor in reply took an apple from a fruit-basket, and presented it to a child in the room, who could scarcely grasp it in his hand. He then gave it a second, which filled the other; and choosing a third, remarkable for its size and beauty, he presented that also. The child after many ineffectual attempts to hold the three apples, dropped the last on the carpet, and burst into tears. "See there," said he, "is a *little man*, with more riches than he can enjoy."

The Good that a Little Boy Can Do.

A little boy was taken sick, and when on his death-bed, his father, who was an intemperate man came to his bedside and asked him how he did? He said not well; he had not slept well; he had been thinking about him all night. What, said the father, have you thought about me? "I have been thinking, father," said the little boy, "whether you thought you had a soul." It was an arrow to the heart of the father. He resolved he would never drink any more. He perfectly reformed, and is now a president of a temperance society, a pious man, and member of a Christian church. Temperance boys will feel anxious for drinking parents, and labor to snatch them from destruction.

Not good for Fish or Fowl.

Some time ago a worthy Scottish knight, having become a convert to teetotalism, ordered all the wines and spirits to be taken from his cellar and thrown into his ponds. This order was promptly obeyed by his servants. Neither the swans, the ducks, nor the geese, (the sober creatures,) nor the fishes, to his honor's great astonishment, seemed to relish the strong drink more than he did, and in a short time the fowls deserted the ponds, and were seen rolling about, feet up; and the fishes, poor animals, not being able to leave the ponds, appeared on the surface, not *drunk*, but *dead*.—*Temp. paper.*



APRIL.

By degrees, the sun, which had now become much more powerful, melted away the snow, the weather became milder, and April took the place of cold, blustering, chilly March. The farmers began to plough up the ground, preparatory to planting. Mr. Milton's family enjoyed very much the return of spring. The morning dawned brightly; the sun shone out powerfully; the air was soft and sweet as summer; the windows were thrown open, and the children sallied forth. Frank soon ran himself into a great heat, and returned to the house, begging his mother to get out his summer clothes. He was sure it never was such a hot morning before, and never would be cold again. He thought it must be really unhealthy, and he was sure it was too bad

for a fellow to be obliged to carry round his thick winter dress in summer time. His mother, who remembered the last April, and those which had gone before, better than he did, begged him to be patient. She did not dare take off his winter dress quite so suddenly, and perhaps before night he would not feel it too thick. Frank, who was really a sensible boy, though a little impatient, took her advice, chose a shady corner of the piazza, and seated himself quietly down to read Keeper's *Travels in Search of his Master*. This occupation tended to make the weather seem cooler, and the time passed quickly until the hour for school. He then laid away his Keeper, took his satchel, and marched off, accompanied by his brother George. They reached school safely after a pleasant walk, which was enlivened by the songs of the birds. The robins were in great numbers chirping about. They seemed to be talking over the events of the winter. Some of them probably told their companions how they thought, last winter, that they would not go away to seek a warmer climate, but would stay about this spot, and see if they could not pick up crumbs and seeds enough to maintain them through the winter. But it became very cold; some of their most hardy friends died near them. The snow fell, and they had barely time, by using their wings with all the skill in their power, to reach in season a warm region; and they had resolved never again to attempt to pass the winter in this cold climate. Others congratulated themselves on having been very diligent and successful in rearing their last summer's brood, and having early in the autumn got through their summer's work. They were therefore ready to take an early flight. They had observed carefully the sky, and their instinct told them that the winter was to begin early. They had some conversation with a flock of wild geese, as they flew over; and the geese, who were always considered very wise about the weather, told them that birds who wished to avoid a chill, had better be on their way south as soon as possible. For these reasons they had taken flight early, had been able to make their passage leisurely, had found much to amuse them on their travels, and at last reached their winter quarters safely. They had spent the cold months very agreeably, and were now ready to set about their summer work again. Frank and George, of course, did not hear them say all this; but they heard a great chirping, and Frank felt almost certain that some of these birds were the very same whose motions he watched the last spring. Beside the robins, they saw occasionally black-birds and sparrows; but they had not yet arrived in very great numbers, though Frank thought it was high time they were all about their nests, as he was very sure the winter was all over. He was obliged, however, to change his opinion, for when school was done, and they set out on their return home, they found the sky, which was so clear in the morning, had become clouded over; the wind was chilly and raw. They were glad to button up their jackets, and run along pretty briskly to keep themselves warm, and before they reach-

ed home, scattering flakes of snow began to fall, and dinner was hardly finished when the ground was all white with snow. They were glad to see a bright fire rekindled in the grate. "Dear me," said Frank, "here is an end to all our fun. I had determined to work in the garden all the afternoon, and I thought we should not have any more winter. This tiresome snow will kill all my snow-drops and crocuses, and I really do believe we shall never have any summer at all."

"Do not be uneasy, my dear boy," said his father; "all in good time; these late snows are said to be very beneficial to the ground. There is a common saying that 'Spring snow is the poor man's manure.' A few hours hot sun will melt it away. It will sink softly into the ground. Your snow-drops and crocuses will not mind it a bit, but look all the brighter for it; and I dare say to-morrow you will be able to work in your garden.—*Book of the Seasons.*

power, and he only can do it; but if you do not desire it, and do not pray to him to take away your sinful heart, and make it clean, he does not promise to do it. You know the time will come when it will be too late, for there is no repentance in the grave, and thither we are all hastening." The children listened attentively, and Aunt Phebe continued,—“The spot where we are now assembled, was once a forest, this tree in the midst of thousands—a house stood upon yonder hill, where lived a gentleman, his wife, and an only son; these, with two men and two women servants, composed the family. Their nearest neighbor was three miles distant; with the exception of this neighbor, and an occasional visit from the missionary, they saw no one but Indians, who were continually passing and re-passing the house. Notwithstanding, this was a happy family, for the fear of God was with them. One day William, a lad of fourteen, was directed to a spot in the forest where, the day previous, the man had been cutting wood. “Remember, William,” said his father, “to return as soon as you have collected it together in a heap.” William followed the path, and though alone in the mighty forest, felt no alarm, for he was accustomed to spend many hours there. He diligently pursued his work, till becoming weary, he sat down to rest. A beautiful butterfly fluttered above his head of a very uncommon kind—“I’ll have you,” thought he, and cautiously approaching, tried to catch it with his hat; but the insect eluded the attempt, and soaring above his head, flew away; still William pursued it, forgetful of every thing but the securing of his prize. He made his way with difficulty through the tangled underwood of the forest, till at length heated and completely out of breath, he was compelled to desist. “You have led me a pretty chase,” said he, taking off his hat to wipe the perspiration from his head, “and after all, I must go back to my work without you.” William returned, as he supposed, in the direction he had come, but after wandering till he was weary, he was obliged to sit down to rest. Then it was that he began to reflect on the danger of his situation. He had often in his own snug little bed, listened to the howling wolves, and the cries of the panther, which he well knew came forth in the dark to seek their prey, and roamed up and down the forest. He might have wandered several miles from home, or he might be a very short distance, he was completely lost in the forest, and in all probability, he might have to pass the night there, and perhaps, if not devoured by the wild beasts, perish from hunger. William was a boy of courage, and moreover, had learned to put his trust in God. This is the secret of true courage; if we love God, and feel that he so loved us as to give his only Son for us, we need never be afraid, for we may believe He is both able and willing to take care of us. Dreadful as was the thought to William of meeting such a death, he comforted himself with this reflection, and kneeling down, prayed God to take care of him in his distress. When he thought of his parents he wept, for he said, “they have no son but me.” But committing them and himself to God, he endeavored to consider what he could do towards extricating himself from the wood. It occurred to him if he fastened his handkerchief to one of the highest limbs of a tree, it might be a signal to his friends who he knew would come in search of him. As he climbed the tree to effect his purpose, what was his astonishment to find an Indian baby, fastened, as is their custom, to a board, and fixed securely in the tree. “Poor little thing,” thought he, “you are lost too,” and he carefully took it down. The child soon began to cry, and as it was now getting dark in the forest, William’s distress increased. Again he knelt in prayer, and was comforted, and indeed the poor child needed consolation. He had some bread and meat in his pocket, a part of which only he ate,

though very hungry, reserving some for the next day, in case he was still in the forest. Just as he finished his meal, he heard the distant barking of a dog; exerting his voice to the utmost, he barked with all his might. The barking came nearer, he was sure it was his own Rover; and then it became more distant, and poor William burst into tears as the sound died away, but again he hears it, then it ceased; there was a long pause, he was sure he heard a foot-fall on the dry leaves, and in another moment, with a look of joy, Rover sprang to his master’s feet. Overcome with fatigue and delight, poor William sank upon the ground. Rover did every thing but say “follow me,” to induce him to get up and go with him, but finding him unable, bounded from his side, and in the course of half an hour, returned with his father and the men who were in quest of him. It was under this very oak tree, dear children,” said Aunt Phebe, “where the father and son knelt down together to return thanks for this deliverance. With his own hand the gentleman marked the tree, saying, “My son, whenever you see this oak, let it remind you of the mercy you have this day experienced from the hand of God, and when in future years you or your children shall have turned this forest into a fruitful field, let the axe of the woodman never be lifted against this memorial of God’s goodness to us.” The servant was directed to carry the little papoose home—where every care was bestowed upon it. The babe was baptized, and the Christian name of Ruth was given to it. “Who knows,” the gentleman used to say to his family, “but God designs our little Ruth to become a gospel messenger to her poor blinded people. He brings good out of seeming evil, and perhaps he sent William into the forest for this very purpose. Thus was this child trained up and instructed in the way of salvation, in the hope that she might be the means of blessing to the Indians. Ruth became a missionary, and a little Christian church sprang up in the Indian settlements. At the foot of this oak lies buried poor old Rover; and William, as long as he lived, loved to look upon this tree. His descendants value it as highly as he did himself, and I am very certain nothing but the hand of time will ever injure it. This, my dear children, is the story of the old oak tree. There are many things you may learn from it; let me see if you have learned them. What do you learn? Cornelia,”—“I learn that sin in my heart is like the acorn now, while the Saviour is willing to pardon it; but it will be like the big tree by and by, so strong and mighty, it will destroy my soul.” Aunt Phebe. “What have you learned, George?” George. “I learn if God is my friend I need not be afraid of any thing.” “And you, Henry?” “I learn that religion is worth more than the whole world; if William had had no religion, he would have been without any comfort in that dreary forest.” “And you, George, what do you learn?” “When I heard about the gentleman taking such pains with the little Indian girl, I thought of the text I learned last Sunday,—“My word shall not return unto me void, but shall prosper in the thing wherewith I send it,” for it did prosper, Aunt Phebe, when she was a missionary, and the little church was formed, didn’t it?” “It did, indeed, my dear, but good-night, it is very late, we must defer our conversation for the present;” and with an affectionate kiss each little guest departed.

[Episcopal Recorder.]

NARRATIVE.

AUNT PHEBE'S TEA PARTY.--CHAP. III. THE OLD OAK TREE.

It was a sweet evening, and at the children’s earnest request, Aunt Phebe consented to remain in the arbor. “Come, my dears,” said she, as the last note of the birds died away, “let us take up the song of praise.” The voices of the children united in a hymn which Aunt Phebe gave out.

“One there is above all others,
 Well deserves the name of friend.”

They then sat upon the grass at her feet to hear the story of “the old oak tree.” Picking up an acorn from the ground, Aunt Phebe bade each of the children examine it. “Such an acorn,” said she, “was once this tree, which now reaches almost to the clouds, and spreads its refreshing shade around. Such, dear children, is sin in your hearts. If it is suffered to remain, it will grow and grow till nothing can take it away; now the Saviour is willing to destroy its

SABBATH SCHOOL.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

SABBATH SCHOOL TALKS.--No. 3.

BETWEEN A TEACHER AND HER CLASS.

Miss Mayhew. Whose turn is it to tell a story to-day?

Julia. I told one last Sabbath. Maria comes next.

Maria. About three thousand seven hundred and twenty years ago, a good man went to live in a very wicked city. He went there because it was a rich place, and he thought he could do well for himself.

J. Miss Mayhew, do you think that is a good way to do? I should not want to live in a wicked place for the sake of being rich.

Miss M. No, my dear, I think that would be great folly. If any one loves God, he cannot be happy, while he sees people around him all the time disobeying and abusing his heavenly Father. How would you feel, to live in a place where all the people were abusing your father and mother?

J. I should feel very bad indeed. I could not live there.

Miss M. But every body that is living in sin, is treating God so. Sin is abusing God; and slighting the Saviour, who died for us, is very ungrateful. But, my dear Maria, you may go on with your story.

M. It was not long before this man found that it was no gain to live in a wicked place; for there came a great army of men, and took the city, and carried him away, with his wife and children, and all he had. But, his uncle, who was a much better man than he, followed the people that took him; and while they were asleep, he came upon them with three hundred men, and took from them all that they had carried off.

Jane. Well, I think he would not go back to the wicked city again.

Maria. Yes, he went right back, and stayed there. But, he was not happy. His soul was vexed every day, with the wickedness of the place. But, after he had lived there about twenty years, there came two angels into the

city, one afternoon, just as the evening was setting in. They appeared like men; and the good man saw them, and asked them to go home with him, and stay all night. But they said, "No, we will stay in the street." But the good man urged them very hard, and they went into his house. But, after a while, before they were gone to bed, a great mob of wicked men and boys, came together, before this man's door; and they called out to him to bring out the men that came into his house, that they might abuse them. But he tried to persuade them not to act so; yet that made them the more angry.

Miss M. Yes, that is just like a mob. They do not come together to reason, but to do wickedly.

M. Well; when the angels saw how it was, they made all the people blind, so that they could not see the door; and they went groping about in the dark, trying in vain to find the door. Then the angels told the man to go out and call his sons-in-law, and bring them out of the place, for the Lord would destroy it. So he went out and said to them, "Up! get ye out of this place; for the Lord will destroy this city." But he seemed to them as one that mocked. They thought he was crazy to talk so.

Miss M. Just so it is now. When we tell sinners that they will be destroyed, if they do not repent and turn to God, we seem to them like mockers or crazy people. They cannot believe that the case is really so bad with them.

M. When morning came, the angels told the man to make haste, and take his wife and his two daughters that were with him in the house, and be gone, lest he should be consumed in the iniquity of the city. But they lingered—

Miss M. Ah, yes; they *lingered*. How many souls have been lost by *lingering*. How often do we see young people, who appear serious and have some half formed resolutions that they will leave the service of Satan, and engage in God's service; and yet they linger in the "*City of Destruction*."* But go on.

M. While they lingered, the angels laid hold of them, and brought them out of the city, and told them to escape for their lives, and not to look behind them, nor stay in all the plain, but escape to the mountain, lest they should be consumed.

Miss M. So it is with us. If God did not, as it were, take hold of us by his grace, and bring us out of our natural state of sin, we should be consumed. And, we must not look behind us, with desire to return to our sins; nor tarry in the plain—we must not tarry, and trust in our own goodness, in our reformation, our prayers, or even in being sorry; but we must escape to the mountain—to Christ. He will be a mountain to them that trust in him.

M. But this good man's wife looked back towards the city, and she became a pillar of salt.

Miss M. I suppose she felt unwilling to leave all the good things which they had gained while they lived in this wicked city; and she looked back with sorrow at leaving it; and so God turned her into a pillar of salt. So it is with many young people, when God calls them to leave the "*City of Destruction*,"—they see that they must be lost, if they remain where they are, and this makes them serious; but they look back to the world, to the pleasures of sin, to the follies of youth, and they are unwilling to leave them; and so God often takes his Holy Spirit from them, and they become as hard and cold and dead to serious things as a pillar of salt. This is a warning to serious persons not to look back.

M. Well, after this, as soon as the man and his two daughters were escaped, there came a great storm of fire and brimstone, which God rained down out of heaven, upon this city, and several other wicked cities on the same plain; and their smoke rose up like the smoke of a great furnace.

Miss M. This plain where these cities stood, was full of slime pits; and all the land about was mixed with sulphur and bitumen, which burn like pitch; and I suppose when the fire rained down, it set this on fire, and burnt up the ground on which these cities stood. The place where they stood has ever since been a kind of salt lake, called the Dead Sea. This is an awful warning to sinners not to continue in their sins. We are told by the Apostle Jude, that they are set forth as an example to us, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire; and as the smoke of their burning rose up like a furnace, so the Bible tells us the smoke of the wicked will rise up for ever and ever.

N.

* For an explanation of this, see *Pilgrim's Progress*.

BIRD'S NEST.

The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Jul 15, 1842; 16, 10; American Periodicals
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that the birds might come and live in it. "I am afraid it will not do any good, Mary," said her mother, "the birds all have nests of their own, and much better ones than yours." "But, mother," she replied, "don't you suppose there are any *beggar birds* about, who would be glad of such a nest as this."

BIRD'S NEST.

A little girl, who had read in the *Youth's Companion* the story of the robin, who stole a piece of lace to help make his nest, thought, that she would try her skill in making one. So she took some hay, and shaped it as much like a nest as she could, and put a piece of silk inside, to make it soft for the birds to lie on; and then, having put it in a little basket, she brought it to her mother, and asked her to hang it on a branch of a tree,



Written for the Youth's Companion.

BOY AND BIRD.

Boy. Bird, Bird—pretty bird, come to me.

Bird. I don't know who you are—why should I come to you? How do I know that you will do me any good?

Boy. O yes, Miss Bird. I will make you a cage, and a pretty nest, and give you enough to eat and drink.

Bird. And why should I go into your cage, when I have a house of my own?

Boy. But, where is your house, pretty Miss Bird? You are not in a house—you are out of doors; and it is cold, here, in the snow. You will freeze your pretty little toes.

Bird. Mine is a great house. Its blue ceiling is above the clouds, and I can fly as high as I please, and not hit my wings. It is so wide that I can go where it is cold or warm, when I please, from the South pole to the equator, and from the equator to the North pole. And there is a great chandelier and a thousand little lamps hung up overhead to give me light. Why should I go into your little cage?

Boy. But, I will make you a nice warm nest and feed you; and then you will have nothing to do but to eat and drink and fly about and chirp away, and sing.

Bird. I can build my nest on a thousand trees; and God has provided me drink in the pure gurgling brook, and food upon every branch. Why should I go into your little cage?

Boy. O, I should like so well to come out every day and feed you and see you fly about, and hear you sing.

Bird. Ah, now I understand you. It is your own pleasure and not mine that you are seeking. It might be sport to you; but it would be a prison to me. I like to enjoy my liberty, as well as you. My wings were never made to be shut up in a cage. How would you like to be shut up

in a prison, for the amusement of some great person, where you could go only so far each way, and always have to go over the same ground and see the same things? Now, while I have my liberty, I can fly up in the air, and look down upon the great men's houses, and the pretty fields, and the tall trees; and when I get tired of one place, I can go to another.

Boy. O no, pretty bird! I will not put you in a cage. I should not like to be put in a prison myself, and I will not put you in one. Fly away, pretty bird; on the mountain top build your nest; then try your wings, and mount up on high, and ride upon the clouds. And when you hop from branch to branch among the trees, I will go and listen to your sweet pretty song; and cousin Mary and sister Lucy shall come too. Then we shall be glad to see you so happy. Fly away pretty Bird! Pretty Bird, fly away!



CAROLINE AND HER GARDEN.

"And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these; wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

These words were a part of Caroline's lesson for the Sabbath. Her father had a fine garden, abounding in plants, trees, shrubs, and flowers of every kind. Often was Caroline seen sitting with her Testament in the summer-house, or walking among the flowers. But there was one corner of the garden which she visited oftener than any other. It was a bed of roses and plants, which she called her own, and which had been planted for her. She watched it constantly to see the different seeds sown spring from the ground and increase in height. She was delighted with her rose bush, and no sooner had the rose fully blown, than she plucked it from its stem and hastened to present it to her mother. "Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "did you ever see any thing so beautiful as this rose? See, mother, how deep its color, how fresh and fair! Oh, I hope I shall have more of them." "It is beautiful, indeed, my child, but where is your Testament?" "Oh, I left it in the garden to bring you this," said Caroline. "Take another from the book-case and sit by me a short time." She brought her mother's Bible. "Will you turn to your lesson and read?" said her mother. She did so, and was about to lay the Bible upon the table, when her mother inquired, "My daughter, have you considered the lilies of the field, how they grow? Look at this beautiful rose." "Why, mother," said Caroline, "it does not mean my flowers." "Yes, my child, your Heavenly Father has taken care of this, caused it to grow, given it all its beauty and fragrance; and Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like this rose. Look at it again, see its curious workmanship, mark the form of each part, see how skilfully it is put together, and then its rich hues! who could make one like it? How fra-

grant its odor ! but a few weeks since, the bush that bore it seemed dried up and lifeless,—now it is clothed in green. Who hath given it this covering, brought forth and opened to your admiration the sealed bud ? Ah, my child, God has done this. Man could not. It did not make or take care of itself. Think, the same hand that formed that rose, and preserved and nourished it, fashioned your body, and continues health and strength to every limb. He takes care of the flowers of the field,—of every green thing that springs from the soil,—will he not take care of you ? The grass of the field and the rose can live no longer than he permits. They are cut down, droop and die. So, my child, death will come and take you away. This rose will soon fade and die ; so the flush and beauty of health will leave your countenance, and the paleness of death will set upon every feature. Endeavor to know more about this God every day. Remember him when you look at any of his works, even the spear of grass, or the worm which you tread beneath your feet. Seek him and love him with your whole heart. Trust him for all things. Forget not his care of you, when you sleep, when you wake, and when you go out and come in. In him you live, move, and have your being. Fear to sin against him. Repent of your past sins. Pray to him for pardon and eternal life.”

Caroline listened to her mother with great attention, and when she left the house, and as she walked through the garden to her flower bed, she gazed with greater pleasure than ever upon each rose and beautiful object around her, saying to herself, “God made it ; he takes care of it, and he takes care of me.” When she retired to the summer-house, and commenced studying her lesson, the words seemed full of interest to her. Her mother’s simple remarks could not be forgotten. When she returned to the house, the sight of her rose, as it stood upon the table in a glass of water, brought fresh to her mind, “God made it and takes care of it ;” and as she was about to close her eyes in sleep, after praying to God, the thought rushed upon her mind, God will take care of me to-night.

[Sabbath School Treasury.]

satin robes and cap and button, denoting the rank of the deceased: one hand held a fan, and the other a Chinese chop, while some money was arranged on his breast, in the form of a cross. The Chinese are, I believe, very particular in paying respect to the memory of their ancestors, which may, in some degree, account for the extreme neatness of this immense mausoleum."

CHIMNEY SWEEPS.

It used to be the practice to have chimneys cleaned by boys, who were called sweeps. This was a very unpleasant and unhealthy employment; and the sweeps were generally a very ignorant and degraded class. Our kind-hearted readers will be very glad to learn that the English government have abolished the practice; and chimneys are now to be kept clear of soot by a machine.

NO SUPPER YET!!!

"Mother dear, is not my supper most ready?" "No, my son, the Cows have not come, and you must wait, or go after them." "But if I can't find them, what shall I do? I feed them every morning, mother, and I think they might come home without being invited." "I think so too, my dear—but Cows as well as other folks are sometimes forgetful."

The case of this little boy is very much like that of the YOUTH'S COMPANION. This little paper visits its friends *every week*, and only expects *one visit a year* in return—but alas, it is often disappointed, and sometimes has to go supperless two or three years. We wish those Subscribers who have owed us a visit so long would come soon, and pay up arrearages—every dollar helps, and every dollar is wanted, as much as the little boy wanted a supper every night. [Editor.]

CITY OF THE DEAD.

A part of the city of Canton, in China, is inhabited only by the dead. The front part of the houses is devoted to the worship of one of their idol gods called Joss. The back part of the house, says the traveller Mackenzie, "was divided into several small chambers each containing several coffins, arranged on elevated platforms, and surrounded with incense burners. The outside of these chambers was tastefully ornamented with beautiful creeping plants, while over the doorway were generally inscribed some Chinese characters. The coffins were very thick, and made of camphor wood; and, when opened, contained embalmed bodies in the highest preservation. Each "tenant of his narrow bed," being attired in his best clothes, presented no unpleasing image of our long sleep. One coffin, in particular, contained a mandarin, dressed in full uniform, with rich

mother too; I used to think when I was a small boy, and went to play with you, that if my dear mother should die, I would go and ask yours to take me. I dare say, you work harder at play very often, than you would to draw water.

A. Oh yes, I know I do, but I never thought much about it, as mother did not ask me. I will draw some for her, next wash-day.

L. Oh yes, I would not wait for wash-day. I would draw her some every morning before school, so that she will not have to go out in the cold after it. But if I stand here talking, I shall get no time for sliding. Will you go with me up the hill yonder?

A. Yes, and take my dog with me; come Towser; here, here, Towser.

L. You don't expect to teach him to slide, do you?

A. I don't know but I shall. Mother told me a funny story the other day about a dog that learnt, and I think my dog knows as much as any body's, don't you Towser?

L. See how fondly he looks up into your face, as much as to say, "I'll do the best I can, master," but what was the story?

A. Mother said there were two boys who lived where she did when she was young, (Providence, R. I. you know) who used to slide down a hill close by their father's house, and take their dog with them. They used to let Bose ride down hill with them, and then make him take the rope in his mouth, and draw the sled up, and, to pay him, let him ride down again, and so on. Well, one day the boys went to school and left the sled out. Soon afterwards some of the people in the house looked out, and saw Bose start from the bottom of the hill, with the sled, and draw it up, as orderly as when the boys were with him. They could not think what he would do next, but, behold he got on to the sled, and, keeping the rope in his mouth, sat up, and rode down hill as grand as any body. [A fact.]

L. Ha, ha, ha, that was funny enough; who would have thought a dog would know enough for that? But they know more than we think for, and we should treat them well; shouldn't we, Towser? There, this way, Albert.

A. What are you going into the field for? It's first rate sliding in the road, close by the school house, where we can play till the second bell rings; come, let's go there, Lewis.

L. No, mother does not like to have me play there, and I do not wish to either.

A. Why not?

L. Mother says a party of boys have no right to take to themselves the use of the street, which was made for the people of the whole town, and then cry, "Clear the road, clear the road," as if they were the rulers of all who are passing, and had a right to order men, women and children to keep out of their way; and they have no right to run their sleds over the snow, and make it so slippery that it is dangerous for people to pass.

A. Oh it looks likely any one needs to get hurt, just because the boys have run their sleds down; I can run up hill, and draw my sled too, when it is glare ice.

L. Yes, I know you can, and so can I; we have been obliged to learn because we could not

NARRATIVE.

COASTING.

Albert. Halloo, Lewis, what is your hurry? can't you stop a minute? I have been running till I am almost out of breath, to get up with you, did you not hear me call?

Lewis. No, or I should have stopped. I am hurrying to coast a little while before school. I stopped at home to draw water for mother to wash with, and I shall have but few minutes to play.

A. What! do you have to draw water? I never do.

L. Not exactly have to, but father leaves home before light, and it would be too much for mother to draw water, and so I do it. Who draws the water at your house, now your father is gone to the South?

A. Oh mother draws it herself; she says I am hardly large enough yet, and beside, she wants me to take comfort while I can.

L. You not large enough to draw water! why you are three months older than I, and I am most eleven. And as to comfort, I should not think there would be much in going off to play, and leaving your mother to draw water, besides all her other work. And such a kind

slide without, but you know most people have something else to do, besides learning to walk up hill where the boys have been sliding down. Mother says she has seen many a little girl, and woman, and sometimes *man* too, fall down where the careless boys had made it slippery by sliding. And beside this, there is danger that we shall run against people and hurt them.

L. I have. There was an old gentleman in Amherst walking along, when a party of sleds came behind him, and before he could get out of their way one of them run against him, and hurt his ancle so much that it did not get well for a long time.

A. I don't think *I* should be in any danger of running against any one, for I know how to steer my sled so as to keep it out of people's way.

L. Yes, but you know a stone, or a stick, or any such thing might turn it out of the track, and, beside, if we slide in the road the *little boys* will, and *they* may hurt some if *we* do not. But mother says if there were no *danger* we should not play in the street, if we wish to mind the Golden Rule, for we should not like, if we were men, and were hurrying to the store, the workshop, or the ship-yard, to be obliged to stop for half a dozen sleds to pass, before we could cross the road; or if we were women, or little girls we should not like to feel all the time afraid of falling.

A. No, I never thought how much it troubled others, before, I don't think I shall coast in the street any more, for if I take a little more trouble I can go where I shall be in nobody's way, and enjoy my play quite as well too.

L. I am glad you have concluded so; mother says there would not be so many selfish men and women in the world, if children were taught to think of others' comfort, as well as their own—hark, wasn't that the school bell?

A. Yes. let's run. come Towser. *L. B. M.*
[Christian Watchman.]

CURIOSITY.- -Some English people were visiting an elegant private garden at Palermo, Sicily, and among the little ornamental buildings they came to one upon which was written "Non aprite," that is "Don't open." This prohibition only served to excite their curiosity, and they very uncivilly proceeded to disobey the hospitable owner's injunction. On opening the door, a forcible jet of water was squirted full into their faces—a very just though not very severe retribution.

SENSIBILITY.—Latour Maubourg lost his leg at the battle of Leipsic. After he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying, or pretending to cry, in one corner of the room. "None of your hypocritical tears, you idle dog," said his master, "you know you are very glad, for now you will have only one boot to clean instead of two."

BOASTERS.—When you hear any one making a noise about himself, his merits, and his good qualities, remember that the poorest wheel of a wagon always creaks the loudest.

CURIOUS HOW THINGS COME ABOUT SOMETIMES.

At the distance of a mile and a half from a certain large town in the west of Scotland, there stands, about a gunshot from the public road, a neat little cottage, or self-contained house, with a circular green in front, trim gravel walks, and a tidy, well-kept garden. A good many years ago, this little, pleasant, modest residence was occupied by a Mr. James Warrington, an extensive jeweller and watchmaker in the city.

Mr. Warrington was at this time in respectable circumstances, and bore the character of an upright and worthy man; a character which he justly deserved. His family consisted of himself, his wife, two sons, and two daughters. The latter, respectively, were twelve and fourteen years of age; the former, seventeen and twenty-one. The name of the eldest of the two sons was Edward—a young man of excellent disposition, agreeable person and manners, and correct principles.

At the time our story opens, Edward Warrington was paying his addresses to a young lady of the name of Langdale; and as the attachment of the youthful pair was approved of by their parents, they both looked forward to a happy consummation of their intimacy; in truth, their marriage was only delayed

until Edward should have been formally and legally installed a partner in his father's business—a proceeding which, it was proposed, should take place so soon as Mr. Warrington had completed some large payments for plate then impending; it being deemed advisable that the concern should be entirely free at the period of Edward's becoming a partner. It was expected that this would be accomplished in about six months. Matters, then, stood in this position with the family of Mr. Warrington, when the latter returned one morning from the shop—it was a Monday morning, the only one on which he was in the habit of going to the shop before breakfast—in a state of great agitation and excitement. On entering the house, he hurried into a little back parlor, followed by his wife in great alarm at the unusual perturbation he exhibited, and flung himself on a sofa in a state of distraction. It was a second or two before he could speak. At length, "Jess," he said, addressing his wife, "we are ruined—utterly ruined. The shop has been broken into between Saturday night and this morning, and at least five thousand pounds' worth of plate and watches carried off. I have been along with the police through all the most blackguard haunts in the city, but can discover no trace of either the thieves or the goods. The police say that the robbery has been committed by expe-

rienced hands—clean and cleverly done, as they call it; and that there is great doubt of any part of the property ever being recovered."

At the time this misfortune happened, young Warrington was from home; he was on a journey for his father; and the first intimation he had of it was from a newspaper paragraph headed, "Extensive robbery of silver plate and watches." On hearing the distressing intelligence, which, however, he hoped might not turn out so bad as was represented, Edward Warrington hurried home. On his arrival at his father's house, he found, as might have been expected, the family in the utmost distress, and, to his further grief, discovered that the extent of the robbery stated in the newspapers had not been exaggerated.

For many weeks the Warringtons indulged in hopes, which, however, became daily more and more faint, that some clue would be found to the robbery, and a portion, at least, of the stolen property be recovered. These hopes were never realized; the robbery had been, as the police said, clean and cleverly done. No trace of the perpetrators, or of any part of the property, was ever discovered.

In the mean time, the last of the bills due by Mr. Warrington for the plate in the shop—or, rather, for the plate that had been in the shop, for it was of this plate he had been robbed—became due, were paid, punctually paid, and this worthy person left almost literally without a sixpence. Mr. Warrington might have urged the robbery as a plea for bankruptcy—that proceeding having been often adopted on far less excusable grounds—and by such means have contrived to retain some little thing in his hands for the immediate support of his family. But he was too upright and conscientious a man even to think of such a course; he determined, whatever might be the consequence to himself, to pay his debts to the uttermost farthing, and to bear alone the burden of his own misfortunes—the honest man having no idea of throwing any portion of that burden on the shoulders of others, as many good people are in the habit of doing.

The ruin which had overtaken the Warringtons, in the distressing and unexpected way mentioned, put an end for the time to the proposed union between Edward and Miss Langdale; for the latter was of a class, alas! too numerous, too often to be met with in society—amiable, accomplished, beautiful, and penniless. It was a severe blow to the young couple; for, perhaps, never did two persons love each other with so deep and sincere an affection. But there was no help for it—no present remedy. They must content themselves with living on till better fortune should enable them to aspire at a yet greater degree of happiness.

"We must just have patience, Edward," would the fair and gentle girl say, looking smilingly in his face the while, when the former was deploring, with an impetuosity unusual to him, the hard destiny which had so cruelly interpose to keep them asunder.

"Patience! Lizzy—patience!" would he reply, as he walked up and down the apartment with hasty step and excited manner. "Yes, I will try to have patience; I will. But it's hard, very hard, to have a cup so brimful of bliss as mine was, so suddenly dashed from one's lips."

Mr. Warrington, who was now a heart-broken as well as a ruined man, struggled on for a few years in a small way of business, his son Edward assisting him, but with no good result; they could not make a living of it. In these circumstances, both father and son listened eagerly to the advice of a near relative of the former, who proposed their going out to New South

Wales, and offered them, upon advantageous terms, the loan of from two to three hundred pounds to engage in the farming or grazing line there, together with a sum sufficient to defray their expenses out.

With this proposal the Warringtons gladly closed, and, in two months after, sailed from Greenock for Sydney. The parting between Edward and Eliza on this occasion, was marked by all the poignancy of grief which usually attends the severing of two fond hearts. It was, indeed, arranged that if any reasonable degree of success attended the united efforts of the Warringtons in the new country to which they were going, Edward should return for Eliza, and carry her out his wedded wife. But all this was so vague and uncertain, that it tended but little to alleviate the pain of their separation. They, however, "tore themselves asunder," after many solemn pledges to keep their faith inviolate till death, and a mutual understanding that they should, in the mean time, maintain a close and regular correspondence.

For many years after the Warringtons went to New South Wales, they had a severe struggle with all the most formidable difficulties that usually beset the emigrant of limited means. They had been, beside, exceedingly unfortunate in the choice of a location, and the consequence was an amount of labor and discomfort under which they believed they must finally sink. Their prospects were, in short, of the most gloomy kind, and year after year passed away without bringing the slightest improvement. Indeed, it was the reverse, for, at the end of some eight or ten years, the Warringtons were again on the brink of ruin.

The letters that Edward wrote home to Eliza, during this period, were full of love and affection, but they contained, also, the most discouraging accounts of the present condition and prospects of the writer and his family. Each letter, in short, although it tended to strengthen Eliza's confidence in the fidelity of her lover, only showed how hopeless was the prospect of their union.

A period of nearly ten years had now elapsed, and the last letter Eliza had from Edward was as desponding as the one preceding. It was about a year after she had received this letter, and when she was anxiously looking for another which had been unusually delayed, that Eliza was startled at a pretty late hour one evening, by a loud and impatient rapping at her father's door. The door was opened by the servant: Miss Langdale listened—she heard her name mentioned. "Heavens! whose voice was that? Was it not his?" She grew pale as death; her limbs shook beneath her; she grasped a chair for support. A foot was heard lightly and rapidly ascending the stair; the door of the apartment in which she was, was flung violently open—a person rushed in—in the next instant she was in the arms of Edward Warrington!

What could this mean? what could have brought him home? He was in high health and spirits, too, and presented anything but the appearance of a careworn and unsuccessful man. It was a mystery. Miss Langdale looked her perplexity. Edward understood the look; he smiled and said—"You are rather surprised to see me, Eliza, but I shall astonish you more when I shall have told you all. In the mean time, let me mention that I have not returned alone; the whole family are with me—father, mother, sisters, and brother—all in excellent health and spirits, and, what will appear to you still more inexplicable, with plenty of 'gold in store,' as the old song says. The family I have left at the Black Bull Inn, from which they intend going into private lodgings in a day or two, and there remaining until a suitable house is taken and furnished. Father and I intend thereafter commencing our old business, and, if possible, in our old shop. And I intend," said Edward, looking slyly at Eliza, "immediately after that again, or before, if she prefers it, leading, as the newspapers phrase it, the blooming Eliza Langdale to the hymeneal altar—that is, of course, if the said blooming Eliza Langdale has no objections to be so led."

Miss Langdale blushed. Her perplexity and amazement increased; she hinted that an explanation would be acceptable.

Edward smiled and said: "It's rather a curious story—something in the romance way—but you shall have it briefly. About a year and a half ago, there came a person of the name of Rapsley to settle in a location next to ours. He was a sheep farmer; had been several years in business in another part of the country, and had, by several successful speculations in wool and grain, acquired a vast deal of money. He was unmarried, had no family, and no one about his establishment but hired servants. With this man who we found very obliging, though of rough, blunt, and eccentric manners, we soon became very intimate. He seemed to feel for our situation, and

evinced an anxiety to serve us, for which, while grateful, we were at a loss to account. He used to come often to our house, and seemed to take a lively interest in the history of our misfortunes, especially in that part of it which related to the robbery of our shop, regarding which he put many questions, and appeared to muse deeply on our replies. We remarked this singularity in Rapsley's conduct, but could not, of course, understand what it meant.

For some time we knew nothing more of the life and character of our neighbor than what was comprised in the circumstances regarding him above mentioned; but we at length found out that he was an emancipated convict. On making this discovery, we avoided his society as much as possible, and assumed a distance and coldness of manner toward him, with the view of inducing him to refrain from visiting us; but although he could not but perceive this change in our manner, he persevered in calling on us as usual.

Matters went on in this way for some little time—we endeavoring to get rid of our new acquaintance by a repulsive deportment, and he persevering in maintaining his footing in despite of this treatment—when he called on us one morning at breakfast time. We remarked something unusual in his manner on this occasion. He seemed to have some express purpose in view—some object to accomplish—something particular, in short, to communicate.

Having refused, in his blunt way, to share in our morning meal, to which common civility induced us to invite him, he sat smoking in sullen silence by the fire till we had done. On seeing that we had concluded, Rapsley, who seemed to have been anxiously and impatiently waiting this result, drew his pipe, a short black stump, from his mouth, and addressing my father, said—"Mr. Warrington, I wish that you'd take a turn out with me a bit; I've something particular to say to you."

My father was rather surprised at the request, but still more so at the earnest manner of Rapsley. "Oh surely, surely, Mr. Rapsley," said my father, but with some dryness of manner, for he had no idea of the latter's proposed familiarity and companionship. They went out together, leaving us in a state of tantalizing suspense and curiosity to know what Rapsley's intended communication might be; we could not conjecture what could possibly be the subject of it, although we supposed many things. In about an hour after, my father returned. He was in a greatly excited state; but it was the excitement of joy mingled with surprise. We crowded round him. "Well, my children," he said, throwing himself down in a chair, "here is a most extraordinary affair. Who do you think this man Rapsley is? Why, the identical person who broke into and robbed my shop ten years ago! He has told me so himself just now. But this is not all. He says, if I will let him know the exact amount of which I was robbed on that occasion, he will refund every farthing with interest." Need I describe to you, Eliza, our amazement, our joy, at this communication? I don't suppose it's necessary. We, however, had doubts of the money being produced; but in this we did Rapsley an injustice. In three weeks after, this person put into my father's hands three drafts on three different banks in Sidney, amounting together to £7500. On being thus strangely and unexpectedly put in possession of so large a sum, we resolved on returning to our native land. This determination having been communicated to Rapsley, he insisted on defraying the expense of our passage home, and, on our leaving, presented my father with an additional £1000, by way of compensation for the injury he had done him, to which he added many expressions of sincere sorrow for his crime."

Such, in substance, was the communication made by Edward Warrington to Miss Langdale.

The sequel of our little tale is now soon told. By a curious chance, Mr. Warrington got both his old shop and his old house again, the latter having been a much-loved residence; and in a short time the former presented almost precisely the same appearance which it had done a dozen years before, when Mr. Warrington was in the hey-day of his prosperity. By and by, Messrs. Warrington and Son fell into one of the best businesses in the line in the city; for, although many of the oldest and best friends of the former had disappeared during the interval of his absence, many yet remained to him, and these lent a willing and effective hand toward reinstating him in his former position. Looking at the gentlemanly figure and mild countenance of the respectable old man, for the ten years that had passed had thus clasped him, as he stood behind his counter—his spectacles raised high on his forehead—his hair whitened

perhaps as much by distress of mind as by age—no one would have ever dreamed of the vicissitudes he had gone through.

Immediately after the business of the Messrs. Warrington had been started, Edward and Miss Langdale were married. A few years more, and the elder Warrington retired from the concern; being enabled, by the restoration of his property, and the subsequent success of the business, to enjoy an age of ease and tranquillity. A few years more and a son of Edward Warrington, whose marriage had been a happy one in all respects, came into the shop to assist his father. He was shortly followed by another. The lads grew up; they became men. A signboard appeared, on which was inscribed, "Edward Warrington & Sons." It indicated one of the most extensive and wealthiest concerns in the city.